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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

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### Time Table

The steamers of this line will arrive and leave this port as hereunder:

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.	
Sierra	September 14
Alameda	September 23
Sonoma	October 5
Alameda	October 14
Ventura	October 26
Alameda	November 4
Sierra	November 16
Alameda	November 25
Sonoma	December 7
Alameda	December 16

FOR SAN FRANCISCO.	
Sonoma	September 13
Alameda	September 28
Ventura	October 4
Alameda	October 19
Sierra	October 25
Alameda	November 9
Sonoma	November 15
Alameda	November 30
Ventura	December 6
Alameda	December 21

In connection with the sailing of the above steamers the agents are prepared to issue, to intending passengers, **Coupon Through Tickets** by any railroad from San Francisco to all points in the United States, and from New York by any steamship line to all European ports. For further particulars apply to

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All freight sent to ships by our launches will be charged to shippers unless accompanied by a written order from the captain of vessels.

R. A. LUCAS & CO.

# The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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"It happened recently," rejoined Hilda. "I read it in the papers."

"Well, he blazed a good trail," was Thorpe's sighing comment. "Probably



"Go away!" he whispered.

he had his chance. We don't all of us get that. Things go crooked and get tangled up, so we have to do the best we can. I don't believe I'd have done it."

"Oh, you are delicious!" she cried.

After a time she said very humbly: "I want to beg your pardon for misunderstanding you and causing you so much suffering. I was very stupid and didn't see why you could not do as I wanted you to."

"That is nothing to forgive. I acted like a fool."

"I have known about you," she went on. "It has all come out in the papers. It has been very exciting. Poor boy, you look tired."

He straightened himself suddenly. "I have forgotten—actually forgotten," he cried, a little bitterly. "Why, I am a pauper, a bankrupt. I—"

"Harry!" she interrupted gently, but very firmly. "You must not say what you were going to say. I cannot allow it. Money came between us before. It must not do so again. Am I not right, dear?"

She smiled at him with the lips of a child and the eyes of a woman.

"Yes," he agreed after a struggle. "You are right. But now I must begin all over again. It will be a long time before I shall be able to claim you. I have my way to make."

"Yes," said she diplomatically.

"But you!" he cried suddenly. "The papers remind me. How about that Morton?"

"What about him?" asked the girl, astonished. "He is very happily engaged."

Thorpe's face slowly filled with blood.

"You'll break the engagement at once," he commanded, a little harshly.

"Why should I break the engagement?" demanded Hilda, eying him with some alarm.

"You actually don't think he's engaged to me?" she burst out finally.

"Isn't he?" asked Thorpe.

"Why, no, stupid! He's engaged to Elizabeth Carpenter, Wallace's sister. Now where did you get that silly idea?"

"I saw it in the paper."

"And you believe all you see? Why didn't you ask Wallace? But of course you wouldn't. Harry, you are the most incoherent dumb old brute I ever saw. I could shake you. You need a wife to interpret things for you. You speak a different language from most people."

She said this between laughing and crying, between a sense of the ridiculous uselessness of withholding a single timely word and a tender pathetic intuition of the suffering such a nature must endure.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet with an exclamation.

"Oh, Harry, I'd forgotten utterly!" she cried in laughing consternation. "I have a luncheon here at half past 1. It's almost that now. I must run and dress. Just look at me! Just look! You did that."

"I'll wait here until the confounded thing is over," said Thorpe.

"Oh, no, you won't!" replied Hilda decidedly. "You are going downtown right now and get something to put on. Then you are coming back here to stay."

Thorpe glanced in surprise at his driver's clothes and his spiked boots.

"Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed. "I should think so! How am I to get out without ruining the floor?"

Hilda laughed and drew aside the porters.

"Don't you think you have done that pretty well already?" she asked.

"There, don't look so solemn. We're not going to be sorry for a single thing we've done today, are we?" She stood close to him, searching his face wistfully with her fathomless dusky eyes.

"No, sweetheart, we are not," replied Thorpe soberly.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

SURELY it is useless to follow the sequel in detail, to tell how Hilda persuaded Thorpe to take her money. To a woman such as she this was not a very difficult task in the long run—a few scruples of pride; that was all.

"I hate to do it," he said. "It doesn't look right."

"You must," she insisted. "I will not take the position of rich wife to a poor man. It is humiliating to both. I will not marry you until you have made your success."

"That is right," said Thorpe heartily.

"Well, then, are you going to be so selfish as to keep me waiting while you make an entirely new start, when a little help on my part will bring your plans to completion?"

She saw the shadow of assent in his eyes.

"How much do you need?" she asked swiftly.

"I must take up the notes," he explained. "I must pay the men. I may need something on the stock market. If I go in on this thing I'm going in for keeps. I'll get after those fellows who have been swindling Wallace. Say \$100,000."

"Why, it's nothing!" she cried.

"I'm glad you think so," he replied grimly.

She ran to her dainty escritoire, where she scribbled eagerly for a few moments.

"There," she cried, her eyes shining—"there is my check book all signed in blank. And I'll see that the money is there."

So it was that Hilda Farrand gave her lover confidence, brought him out from his fanaticism, launched him afresh into the current of events. He remained in Chicago all that summer, giving orders that all work at the village of Carpenter should cease. With his affairs that summer he had little to do. His common sense treatment of the stock market, by which a policy of quiescence following an outright buying of the stock which he had previously held on margins, retrieved the losses already sustained and finally put both partners on a firm financial footing. That is another story. So, too, is his reconciliation with an understanding of his sister. It came about through Hilda, of course. Perhaps in the inscrutable way of Providence the estrangement was of benefit, even necessary, for it had thrown him entirely within himself during his militant years.

Let us rather look to the end of the summer. It now became a question of reopening the camps. Thorpe wrote to Shearer and Radway, whom he had retained, that he would arrive on Saturday noon, and suggested that the two begin to look about for men. Friday, himself, Wallace Carpenter, Elizabeth Carpenter, Morton, Helen Thorpe and Hilda Farrand boarded the north bound train.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE train of the South Shore railroad shot its way across the broad reaches of the northern peninsula.

Thorpe welcomed the smell of the northland. He became almost eager, explaining, indicating to the girl at his side.

"There is the Canada balsam," he cried. "Do you remember how I showed it to you first? And yonder the spruce. How stuck up your teeth were when you tried to chew the gum before it had been heated! Do you remember? Look, look there! It's a white pine! Isn't it a grand tree? It's the finest tree in the forest, by my way of thinking, so tall, so straight, so feathery and so dignified. See, Hilda, look quick! There's an old logging road all filled with raspberry vines. We'd find lots of partridge there, and perhaps a bear. Wouldn't you like to walk down it about sunset?"

"Yes, Harry."

"I wonder what we're stopping for. Seems to me they are stopping at every squirrel's trail. Oh, this must be Seney. Yes, it is. Queer little place, isn't it, but sort of attractive? Good deal like our town. You have never seen Carpenter, have you? Location's fine anyway, and to me it's sort of picturesque. You'll like Mrs. Hathaway. She's a buxom, motherly woman who runs the boarding house for eighty men and still finds time to mend my clothes for me. And you'll like Solly. Solly's the tug captain, a mighty good fellow, true as a gun barrel. We'll have him take us out some still day. We'll be there in a few minutes now. See the cranberry marshes. Sometimes there's a good deal of pine on little islands scattered over it, but it's very hard to log unless you get a good winter. We had just such a proposition when I worked for Radway. Oh, you'll like Radway. He's as good as gold. Helen?"

"Yes," replied his sister.

"I want you to know Radway. He's the man who gave me my start."

"All right, Harry," laughed Helen. "I'll meet anybody or anything from bears to Indians."

"I know an Indian, too—Geezgit, an Ojibway. We called him Injun Charley. He was my first friend in the north woods. He helped me get my timber. This spring he killed a man—a good

job, too—and is hiding now. I wish I knew where he is. But we'll see him some day. He'll come back when the thing blows over. See! See!"

"What?" they all asked, breathless.

"It's gone. Over beyond the hills there I caught a glimpse of Superior."

"You are ridiculous, Harry," protested Helen Thorpe laughingly. "I never saw you so. You are a regular boy."

"Do you like boys?" he asked gravely of Hilda.

"Adore them!" she cried.

"All right; I don't care," he answered his sister in triumph.

The air brakes began to make themselves felt, and shortly the train came to a grinding stop.

"What station is this?" Thorpe asked the colored porter.

"Shingleville, sah," the latter replied.

"I thought so. Wallace, when did their mill burn, anyway? I haven't heard about it."

"Last spring, about the time you went down."

"Is that so? How did it happen?"

"They claim incendiarism," parried Wallace cautiously.

Thorpe pondered a moment, then laughed. "I am in the mixed attitude of the small boy," he observed. "who isn't wicked enough to wish anybody's property destroyed, but who wishes that if there is a fire, to be where he can see it. I am sorry those fellows had to lose their mill, but it was a good thing for us. The man who set that fire did us a good turn. If it hadn't been for the burning of their mill they would have made a stronger fight against us in the stock market."

Wallace and Hilda exchanged glances. The girl was long since aware of the inside history of those days.

"You'll have to tell them that," she whispered over the back of her seat.

"It will please them."

"Our station is next!" cried Thorpe, "and it's only a little ways. Come, get ready!"

They all crowded into the narrow passage-way near the door, for the train barely paused.

"All right, sah," said the porter, swinging down his little step.

Thorpe ran down to help the ladies. He was nearly taken from his feet by a wildcat yell, and a moment later that result was actually accomplished by a rush of men that tossed him bodily on to its shoulders. At the same moment the mill and tug whistles began to screech and miscellaneous firearms exploded. Even the locomotive engineer, in the spirit of the occasion, leaned down heartily on his whistle rope. The sawdust street was filled with screaming, jostling men. The homes of the town were brilliantly draped with cheesecloth, flags and bunting.

For a moment Thorpe could not make out what had happened. This turmoil was so different from the dead quiet of desertion he had expected that he was unable to gather his faculties. All about him were familiar faces upturned to his own. He distinguished the broad, square shoulders of Scotty Parsons, Jack Hyland, Kerlie, Bryan Moloney; Ellis grinned at him from the press; Billy Camp, the fat and shiny drive cook; Mason, the foreman of the mill; over beyond howled Solly, the tug captain; Rollway Charley, Shorty, the chore boy; everywhere were features that he knew.

As his dimming eyes traveled here and there, one by one the Fighting Forty, the best crew of men ever gathered in the northland, impressed themselves in his consciousness. On the outskirts sauntered the tall form of Tim Shearer, a straw peeping from beneath his flax white mustache, his eyes glimmering under his flax white eyebrows.

Big Junko and Anderson deposited their burden on the raised platform of the office steps. Thorpe turned and frowned the crowd.

At once pandemonium broke loose, as though the previous performance had been nothing but a low voiced rehearsal.

"Oh, aren't you proud of him?" gasped Hilda, squeezing Helen's arm with a little sob.

In a moment Wallace Carpenter, his countenance glowing with pride and pleasure, mounted the platform and stood beside his friend, while Morton and the two young ladies stopped half way up the steps.

At once the racket ceased. Every one stood at attention.

"Mr. Thorpe," Wallace began, "at the request of your friends here, I have a most pleasant duty to fulfill. They have asked me to tell you how glad they are to see you. That is surely unnecessary. They have also asked me to congratulate you on having won the fight with our rivals."

"You done 'em good!" "Can't down the old fellow!" muttered joyous voices.

"But," said Wallace, "I think that I first have a story to tell on my own account."

"At the time the jam broke this spring we owed the men here for a year's work. At that time I considered their demand for wages ill timed and grasping. I wish to apologize. After the money was paid them, instead of scattering, they set to work under Jack Radway. They have worked long hours all summer. They have invested every cent of their year's earnings in supplies and tools, and now they are prepared to show you in the company's boom 3,000,000 feet of logs rescued by their grit and hard labor from total loss."

At this point the speaker was interrupted. "Saw off!" "Shut up!" "Give us a rest!" growled the audience. "Three million feet ain't worth talkin' about!"

"You make me tired!" "Say your little saw the way you oughter!" "Found purty nigh two millions pocketed on Mare's Island, or we wouldn't 'a' had that much!" "Food's undertakin' anyhow!"

"Men," cried Thorpe, "I have been very fortunate. From failure success has come. But never have I been more fortunate than in my friends. The firm is now on its feet. It could afford to

lose three times the logs it lost this year."

He paused and scanned their faces.

"But," he continued suddenly, "it can not move or ever can afford to lose what those 3,000,000 feet represent—the friends it has made. I can pay you back the money you have spent and the time you have put in." Again he looked them over, and then for the first time since they had known him his face lighted up with a rare and tender smile of affection. "But, comrades, I shall not offer to do it. The gift is accepted in the spirit with which it was offered."

He got no further. The air was rent with sound. Even the members of his own party cheered. From every direction the crowd surged inward. The women and Morton were forced up the platform to Thorpe. The latter motioned for silence.

"Now, boys, we have done it," said he, "and so will go back to work. From now on you are my comrades in the fight."

His eyes were dim, his breast heaved, his voice shook. Hilda was weeping from excitement. Through the tears she saw them all looking at their leader, and in the worn, hard faces glowed the affection and admiration of a dog for its master. Something there was especially touching in this, for strong men rarely show it. She felt a great wave of excitement sweep over her. Instantly she was standing by Thorpe.

"Oh!" she cried, stretching her arms out to them passionately. "Oh, I love you, I love you all!"

THE END.

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## BY AUTHORITY.

### Road From Kalahiki to Honokua.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works, Honolulu, T. H., until 12 o'clock m. of December 12th, 1904, for furnishing all labor, material and tools necessary to construct the extension of the Main Government Road from Kalahiki to Honokua, District of S. Kona, Hawaii, T. H.

Plans and specifications are on file at the office of the Assistant Superintendent of Public Works, with E. E. Richards, Agent Public Works Department, Hilo, and with Wm. Greenwell, Chairman of S. Kona Road Board, Hawaii, copies of which will be furnished intending bidders on receipt of \$5.00, which sum will be returned to the bidder after he has deposited his bid and returned the plans and specifications.

Proposals must be submitted on blank forms which will be furnished by the Assistant Superintendent of Public Works, E. E. Richards, and Wm. Greenwell, and enclosed in a sealed envelope addressed to Hon. C. S. Holloway, Superintendent of Public Works, Honolulu, T. H., endorsed "Proposal for Road from Kalahiki to Honokua, S. Kona, Hawaii."

Each proposal must contain the full name of the party or parties making the same, and must be accompanied by a certified check of \$5.00 of the amount of the proposal, payable to C. S. Holloway, Superintendent of Public Works, as surety that if the proposal be accepted a contract will be entered into.

No proposal will be entertained unless made on the blanks furnished by the Assistant Superintendent of Public Works, E. E. Richards, and Wm. Greenwell, and delivered at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works previous to 12 o'clock m. on the day specified.

The Superintendent reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

**C. S. HOLLOWAY,**  
Superintendent of Public Works,  
Honolulu, November 15, 1904. 4-3t.

### New Wharf and Approach Thereto at Kawaihae Landing, Hawaii, T. H.

Proposals will be received at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works, Honolulu, T. H., until 12 o'clock m. of December 12, 1904, for furnishing all materials and labor for constructing a New Wharf and Approach thereto at Kawaihae Landing, District of Kohala, Hawaii, T. H.

Plans and specifications are on file at the office of the Assistant Superintendent of Public Works, and with E. E. Richards, Agent Public Works, Hilo, Hawaii, copies of which will be furnished intending bidders on receipt of \$5.00, which sum will be returned to the bidder after he has deposited his bid and returned the plans and specifications.

Proposals must be submitted on blank forms which will be furnished by the Assistant Superintendent of Public Works and E